

R. Pillington coll.

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

— *Ubi quid datur otii,
Illudo chartis.*

Hor.

— *Parvus
Carmina fingo.*

Hor.

Φθόνος οὐκ οἴδε εἷμον επτάρ,
Φθόνος καὶ φειδία δύκτην,
Φιλολογίας ρόσοιο γυλώτην
Θεύγω βέλεμνακήρα.

ANAC. Ode 42.

D U B L I N:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in Essex-street, opposite
to the Bridge, MDCCXXX.

To the Right Honorable

ROBERT ESTE of KILDARE

Baron of OPHENNA
This work is by the Author



My Lord
SNTS
Asking your favor to the
gentlemen subscribers to the
magazine publishing the most
curious of the news in the
sixty years past, of the
wonders of the world, the
eminent men in every tongue,
whole world over, and
them as curiosities as
I may add, the following
page I propose from the Public
one of the following forms, was the
Opportunity to save me of trifling
use to the World, the Assertion I
have

000?30000000000000000000

To the Right Honourable
R O B E R T
Earl of *KILDARE*,

*Baron of OPHELIA, and one of
His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council.*

My LORD,

AUTHORS, tho' they risk their Reputation by committing themselves to the Censures of the Public, are yet sufficiently repaid, by that Indulgence allow'd them of addressing the most eminent *Men* of their Times, those, whose Wisdom and Virtue render them as conspicuous as their Nobility.

I must own, the principal Advantage I proposed from the Publication of the following Poems, was the Opportunity it gave Me of testifying to the World, the Veneration I have

ii DEDICATION.

have for your Lordship's *Virtue*; or to speak more properly, those many and uncommon *Virtues*, which constitute the most amiable Character among the Nobility of this, or perhaps any other Nation.

This Character naturally calls for a Panegyric, and, if my Lord Kil-dare's Modesty were not eminent over all his other Virtues, would certainly extort it.

I am sensible, that this Declaration may well be thought to have much of the common Air and Spirit of Dedications. My Lord, I own it; Nor does it pretend to any other Distinction, than the Sincerity and Evidence of Truth.

Flattery is the common Objection to all Dedications, and yet to avoid this Imputation, it is hard to be
priv'd of the generous Pleasure of
praising

DEDICATION. iii

praising Virtues, which, as they are not always the Attendants of Titles, ought rather to be publish'd for Incitements to others ; for what can be more useful to the World, than to behold true Nobility more anxious to deserve Dignities, than to inherit them ?

That this, my Lord, is your Maxim, your Actions sufficiently demonstrate to the World.

Your Life convinces us, that to be sincerely Religious, to be a tender Husband, Father, and Friend, a perpetual Blessing to the Distress'd, and a Lover of one's Country, are Perfections, which can add new Honour to the most Antient, and Hereditary Nobility.

Your sincere Love to your Country has been sufficiently shown, (to omit all other Instances) in your constant Resi-

iv DEDICATION.

Residence among us, when the greatest Part of our *Men of Titles* were deluded into different Kingdoms, to purchase *Vanity*, at the Expence of their own Interest, and the Happiness of their *Country*.

My Lord, I sincerely wish that this Collection, which I most humbly offer up to your Patronage, had much more Merit to deserve it; but, such as it is, I hope it may be allow'd to avail so far, as to publish the unfeigned Regard of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Oblig'd

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

Matthew Pilkington

P R E-

PREFACE.

I Am now committing my self to the Judgement of the Public, uncertain what the Fate of these Trifles will be, which I entirely submit to their Censure ; and with as little Sollicitude, as a Parent sends his favorite Son to the Field of Battle, where it is expected he must encounter many Enemies, and many of those Enemies not half so fair as they shou'd be, but uncertain whether he is absolutely to Perish, or to return loaded with Infamy or Laurels.

It wou'd be the highest Ingratitude in me to neglect this Opportunity of Publishing my Acknowledgments to those generous Persons, who have honour'd and encourag'd me with their Subscriptions ; and, in Return, I must assure them, that I have been as careful as possible, in engaging my judicious Acquaintance to point out to me those Faults, which an Author is very ill qualify'd to distinguish in his own Performances ; and, that I have not spared any Industry to know my Defects, nor any Labour to amend them.

PER

In-

P R E F A C E.

Inexpressible are the Obligations, (and unpardonable were the Folly and Humility of concealing them) which I have to the admired Doctor Swift, who condescended to peruse the following Poems with the Greatest Kindness and Care, and honour'd them with his Corrections and Remarks; and I hope he will forgive me the Vanity of telling the World how much Candour, Humanity, and Accuracy of Judgment he testify'd on that Occasion.

To conclude, I shall think my self extremely happy, if my generous Encouragers have but little Reason to repent of their Kindness to me; and have no more to add but this one Declaration, that if this Miscellany (which in the common Cant of an Author, I must call the Product of a few leisure Hours,) shall happen to be disapprov'd and condemn'd by the Judicious; I hope, I shall be discreet enough to give my self little Trouble about it; being convinc'd, after the Modesty of better Examples, that if Bad, all Endeavours to Support it will be ineffectual; and that any Vindication of it, will at all Events, be either entirely useless, or unnecessary.

Dublin, Aug.

25, 1730.

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*Scrip*to*ri*pa*ta*

To the Reverend

Mr. Matthew Pilkington,
on the Progress of Musick, and his
other POEMS.

BEHOLD, the Father of Poetic Fire,
Once more awakes the consecrated Lyre,
Commands his Son to touch the solemn Chords,
And temper Wit with Art, and Sound with
Words ;
To tune *Ierne's* antient Harp, and raise
Ausopian Music in *Britannic* Lays ;
To melt the tender Fair, to rouse the Brave,
To glad the Gay, and entertain the Grave.

Victorious *Rome*, her tow'ring Eagles bore
Over *Britannia* to th' *Atlantic* Shore ;
Her deathless Warriors in pursuit of Fame,
Fir'd with the Glory of the *Latian* Name,
Far as they shook their Spears, or wing'd their Darts,
What they destroy'd by Arms, repair'd by Arts :

Ierne then unciviliz'd and rude, ~~and~~ *now most polite*
Remain'd — Ierne was not then subdued; ~~but~~ *yet* ~~now~~ *A*
But now by Britain, and by Time enreas'd, ~~is~~ *now* ~~be~~ *T*
Her Manners brighten where her Triumphs ceas'd ~~is~~ *now* ~~be~~ *E*
The God of Numbers, and the God of Light
Rescues our Poets from the Shades of Night, ~~is~~ *now* ~~be~~ *T*
Thro' Northern Climes his Glance divine displays, ~~is~~ *now* ~~be~~ *T*
Ripens our Judgment, and sublimes our Lays. ~~is~~ *now* ~~be~~ *G*

As in a finish'd Picture, something new
 Is still presented to the second View,
 Some Master-strokes of Art, which duly raise
 Fresh Funds of Wonder, and Reserves of Praise,
 So in thy Poems exquisitely wrought,
 With all the Charms of Art, and Strength of Thought,
 New Beauties still the ravish'd Fancy strike,
 And still the more we read, the more we like.
 Such are the various Beauties of thy Song,
 Soft as *Anacreon*, and as *Pindar* strong:
 Whether in lofty Notes you touch the Strings, *I* *gnibbow* *W*
 The Hill re-echoes, and the Valley rings; *benequell* *you* *W*
 Or tune in gentler Lays the breathing Lyre, *bothw* *E* *list* *W*
 The Nymphs are ravish'd, and the Swains admire;
 Apollo kindles the superior Flame, *it or* *the* *Q* *not* *the* *W*
 And all the Sisters animate the Theme:

Pluck'd

Pluck'd from the sacred Grove, the Laurel-Bough
Adorns thy Verse, nor withers on thy Brow;
The boasted Glories of the mighty Nine,
Blest Bard! are all Epitomiz'd in thine.

Thus from their Parent Orb, for ever bright,
The streaming Rays of first-created Light,
Diffusely scatter'd thro' our Hemisphere,
Descending sicken in the grosser Air;
But call'd by Newton's Glass, the various Seeds
Are still attracted, as the *Focus* feeds;
'Till all the Particles collected shine,
And, blazing, prove their Origine Divine.

But yet, undaunted Youth, tho' fond to raise,
By honourable Means, immortal Praise,
Yet, yet suspect from thy triumphal Car,
The Shocks of Envy, and the Critic War:
Reflect upon the public Poet's Curse,
Of wedging Fame for Better or for Worse.
Be not transported with the sudden Blast
Of Praise, which flutters now, and now is past,
In Censure or Applause be still the same,
Nor sacrifice thy Quiet to thy Fame.

Whichever

Whoever Bard or Patriot will commence,
 Must serve the Public at his own Expence:
 See *Pope* and *Gay*, (nor yet the World ashamed !)
 This unrewarded, and the other blam'd ?
 Lo ! sprightly *Prior* in the Dust prophan'd,
 And the chaste Urn by Hands polluted stain'd :
 Great *Milton*, whose exalted Muse cou'd rise
 Alone, to speak the Language of the Skies,
 Cou'd scarce receive for all his Book of Fame,
 What the disdainful Muse relents to name :

O ! ever-injur'd Bard ! ungrateful Age !
 How great the Worth of his illumin'd Page !
 May you, like him, enrich your native Isle
 With Thought sublime, and Majesty of Stile,
 In Art and Nature equally compleat,
 Like him excel —— but meet a nobler Fate.

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

July 22, 1730.

THE

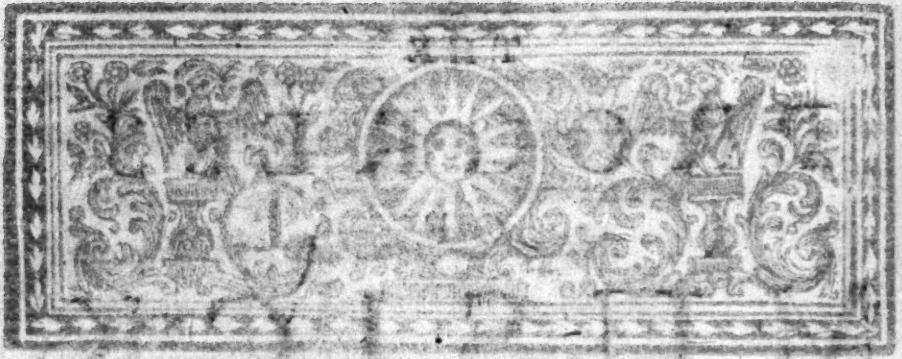
1730 MDCCXXX

THE
PROGRESS
OF
MUSICK
IN
IRELAND,
TO
M I R A.

Μυσικήν ά' ἀρχ.
Ἐργα μίδασκος, καὶ ἀμενος ἦν τὸ πρῶ.
Eurip. Sthenobea.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.



PARIS
MAY 1863

• opérations

échage des

comptes



But also the French - who had been in the

The Tapogapple, the Spuds, the Sun

Lps

Trifles in the Tapogapple



THE
PROGRESS
OF

MUSICK, &c.



Y thee enjoyn'd th' obsequious
Muse obeys,
Yet, trembling, dreads the

Danger she surveys,

But vain are Infant Fears, I plead in vain,

The Task too Noble, too Sublime the Strain,

The

The *Fancy's* wing'd, and springs to bolder Flights,

When *Beauty* bids, and *Harmony* invites,

For each, our Passions pleasingly controul;

Love's but the purer Harmony of Souls:

Musick and Love the savage World refin'd,

Reform'd the Manners, while they rais'd the

Mind,

Gave Man a Foretaste of the Joys above;

For what is Heav'n but *Harmony* and *Love*?

Hibernia long beheld, with Sorrow fill'd,

Her Poets and her Sons in Arts unskill'd;

Sons!

Sons ! dead to Fame, nor comely to the Sight,
Their Customs wild, their Manners unpolite, T
Nor yet cou'd *Musick* boast persuasive Charms, H
To tempt one Sprightly Genius to her Arms; H
The *Muse*, in mournful Pomp, laments her Case,
Pale Grief and Anguish painted in her Face ; A
To lonely Woods retire the tuneful Throng, o 2
Uncharm'd by Sound, and negligent of Song : T
The silent *Lark* forgets to wake the Dawn M 10 H
With early Song, suspended o'er the Lawn, ^{and} T
On Earth he Pines, and droops his useless Wings
With dumb Concern, and neither Soars nor Sings.

At length a Swain, long tortur'd with Despair,
The Scorn of some inexorable Fair,
Haunted each Grove, each dark Retreat of Grief,
Bereft of Ease, and hopeless of Relief;

Nightly he heard sad *Phiomel* complain,
And wish'd to copy so divine a Strain,
So clear, so soft the plaintive Warbler sung,
The Groves, and Hills with plaintive *Echoes* rung.

Her Notes so mournfully melodious flow,
They calm his Soul, and mitigate his Woe,
Distressful Passion both alike bewail,
He sighs his Grief, she chants her piteous Tale.

Fain

At length a sense of noble swelling g Miss Delbasi
 Fain would he Sing ; his Voice was still suppress'd.
 By swelling Sighs, which struggled from his Breast.
 Despair, whose Sting can haughtiest Minds
 controul,
 Unstrings his Nerves, and quite unmans his Soul,
 Breathes a wild Horror into ev'ry Part,
 Restrains his Tongue, and preys upon his Heart.
 But near the Grove, where comfortless he lies,
 The spiky Reeds in waving Clusters rise,
 He models one, and his Invention tires,
 Varying its Form as Art or Chance inspires :

Then

Then gives it Breath to sing: With gentle Mirth
 It strikes the Ear, as conscious of its Birth.

With sharpen'd Steel he lanc'd it's tender Skin,
 In order rang'd the op'ning Wounds are seen,

Wounds! less than he receiv'd, with piercing

Smart,

In that soft Instrument of Love, the Heart:

To these his active Fingers he applies,

Which bid the changing Musick fall, and rise,

While in the Road of Harmony they guide

Each infant Sound, and o'er the Notes preside.

and T

But o'er his Airs a gloomy Sorrow hung;
 For still he lov'd, and Love distress'd he sung,
 His Heart in ev'ry Accent seem'd to bleed,
 And Grief harmonious trembled from the Reed.
 And still the Tenor of *Hibernian Strains*,
 Those pleasing Labours of enamour'd Swains,
 From his a melancholly Turn receive,
 The Airs are moving, and the Numbers grieve.
Musick thus wak'd to Life, fair Child of Love!
 Time's rip'ning Touch, and growing Arts improve,

While to the feeble Voice of slender Reeds,
The manlier Musick of the *Fife* succeeds.
Alike in Form, but of a larger Mold,
More durable its Frame, its Tone more bold,
Now lively Numbers, born on willing Gales,
Flow to the Hills, and echo in the Vales;
The rural Throng now chearful croud around,
And catch, enamour'd, the inspiring Sound,
They walk and move with correspondent Mien,
And Dance exulting on the level Green:
No Secret now the raptur'd Heart conceals,
The conscious Maid her hidden Flame reveals

In glowing Blushes on her Checks they rise,
Burst from her Tongue, and kindle in her Eyes.

But secret Pleasures once disclos'd to Sight,
Give Birth to fresh Successions of Delight.

On Objects new the restless Fancy strays,
And wantons in the search of nobler Lays.

Extended Strings at length Experience found,
Start at the Touch, and tremble into Sound;

Of which a Vocal Multitude conspire,
In shining Order plac'd to form the *Lyre*:

And

And thus the Strings, as in a Choir combin'd,
 Have each their parts of Harmony assign'd:
 Some heav'nly Sounds transportingly create,
 Like *Echo* some the heav'nly Sounds repeat,
 Those plac'd above, rejoice in sprightly Tones,
 Below the rough, hoarse *Base*, responsive, Groans.
 If the judicious Artist bids them Play,
 The dancing Cords in Silver Sounds obey,
 But struck with Hands unskill'd, they spring to
 War,
 Hiss out their Rage, and in harsh Discords jar.

Musick

Musick henceforward more Domestick grew,
 Courts the throng Towns, and from the Plains
 withdrew : ~~He all abdicates only slight
Pleasure in his former life~~
 The Vagrant * Bard his circling Visits pays,
 And charms the Villages with venal Lays.
 The solemn Harp, beneath his Shoulder plac'd,
 With both his Arms is earnestly embrac'd,
 Sweetly irregular, now swift, now slow,
 With soft Variety his Numbers flow,
~~or going to a distant land and leave & vice The~~

 * Carulan.

The shrill, the deep, the gentle, and the strong,
With pleasing Dissonance adorn his Song;
While thro' the Cords his Hands unwearied
range,
The Musick changing as his Fingers change.
The Croud transported in Attention hung,
Their Breath in Silence sleeps upon the Tongue,
The Wheels forget to turn, the Labours cease,
And ev'ry Sound but Musick sinks to Peace.

((15))

So when the Thracian charm'd the Shades below,
And brought down Raptures to the Realms of
Woe,
Despairing Ghosts from Labour stand releas'd,
Each Wheel, each Instrument of Torture ceas'd;
The Furies drop their Whips, afflictive Pain
Suspends, with ghastly Smiles, her Iron Reign,
All Groans were still'd, all Sorrow lull'd to Rest,
And ev'ry Care was hush'd in ev'ry Breast.
Joy spreads her Wings o'er all the raptur'd Isle,
And bids each Face be bright'ned to a Smile.

Now

((16))

Now Nature, pleas'd, her Gifts profusely Pours,
To Paint the cheerful Earth with od'rous Flow'rs,
So chang'd a Scene she wonders to survey,
And bids ev'n Things inanimate look Gay.

The Muses now from Albion's Isle retreat,
And here with kind Indulgence fix their Seat;
Then Viner rose, with all their warmth inspir'd,
A Bard caress'd by all, by all admir'd;
He Choral strings, in sleepy Silence bound,
Touch'd into Voice, and waken'd into Sound;

W.M.

Then taught those Sounds to flow with easy Art,
To woo the Soul, and glide into the Heart,
In Notes, untry'd before; his Fancy dress'd,
And bid new transports rise in ev'ry Breast,

While round in Clouds the fair Creation stand,
The polish'd *Viol* trembling in his Hand,
While swift as Thought, from note to note he
springs,
Flies o'er th' unerring Tones, and sweeps the
sounding Strings,

The Old, the Young, the Serious, and the Gay,
With ravish'd Ears devour the 'witching Lay,
The Lover's Eyes now languishingly Roll,
And speak the Dictates of the raptur'd Soul;
Foes, in whose Breasts the wildest Passion strove,
Forget their Rage, and soften into Love:
The prideful *Beauty*, feels with new Surprize
Her Bosom swell, and wonders why she Sighs,
Each Passion acts as he affects the Heart,
And Nature answers ev'ry stroke of Art.

But

((19))

But now refin'd Hibernia's ravish'd Throng,
With wonder dwell on Nicholini's Song,
Whose warbling Voice and tuneful Tongue dis-
pence,
The blended harmony of Sound and Sense;
With these he knew the list'ning Soul to charm,
And ev'ry Torment of it's Sting disarm,
Cou'd calm the harsh disturber Care, to ease,
With Fear delight us, and with Sorrow please;
Cou'd warm the kindling Soul with am'rous Fire,
And Raptures, which he never felt, inspire.

While

While *Musick* thus its native Beauty shows,

And, from its living Spring delightful flows,

How does it raise! how gladden ev'ry Heart!

How far transcend the mimic Voice of *Art*!

So, when *Belinda's* heav'nly Beauties stand,

Wrought into Life, by *Kneller's* magic Hand,

Her Face, her Shape, have all that *Art* can give,

Start from the animated Paint, and Live;

But, when the real Nymph, divin'ly bright,

Array'd in native Lustre, strikes our Sight,

Some

(25)

Some nameless transport in our Bosom plays,

That Shade and Colour want the Force to raise.

Dubourg next sways the Soul with nicest Art,

And binds in airy Chains the captive Heart,

While from the vocal Strings, and shifting Bow,

At his nice Touch th' obsequious Numbers flow.

With easy toil he swells the Notes aloud,

Now on the Ear precipitant they crowd,

Now, scarcely heard, they gradually decay,

And with melodious Cadence waste away,

While

((22))

While at his melting Falls, and dying Notes,

Around the Heart the liquid Rapture floats.

With martial Ardor if he boldly warms,

The animated *Hero* pants for Arms,

With guiltless Rage th' impetuous Spirit glows,

And prostrates *Legions* of imagin'd Foes.

But, if to Mirth, a sprightly strain inclines,

With Humour fraught his quick'ning Genius

shines,

Then, smiling Joys thro' ev'ry Aspect fly,

Glow in the Lips, and wanton in the Eye.

Next *Bocchi* Reigns, whom Art and Nature

grace

To smooth the roughness of the fullen *Base*,

Directs his Notes distinct to rise or fall,

Tries ev'ry *Tone* to charm, and charms in all.

Th' awaken'd *Muse* thus rises, thus refines,

Improves with *Time*, and in Perfection shines,

The first rude Lays are now but meanly priz'd,

As rude, neglected, as untun'd, despis'd:

Dead——(in Esteem too dead) the *Bards* that sung,

The *Fife* neglected, and the *Harp* unstrung.

So when the *Thrush* exalts his cheerful Throat,
 To glad the Fields with many an artless Note,
 With rude Delight the List'ner's Breast he warms,
 Wild tho' he sings, his sylvan Wildness charms;
 But if the warbling *Nightingale* prepares
 Her softer Voice, that melts with thrilling Airs,
 The Winds are hush'd, still Silence reigns around,
 And list'ning *Echo* dwells upon the Sound;
 Harsh seem the Strains which gave Delight before,
 And far excell'd, those Strains delight no more.

The

The pausing *Muse* now shuts her vent'rous

Wings,

And, anxious of Success, distrustful sings,

O! might her Lays to thy Esteem succeed,

For whom she tun'd her artless Voice and Reed,

Thy Smiles wou'd swell her Heart with honest

Pride,

Approv'd by thee she scorns the World beside.

(54).



A N
H Y M N
TO
S L E E P.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. LORENZO BOCCHI.

I.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languish,
God of Golden Dreams and Peace,

Gently sooth a Lover's Anguish,

Help to make his Tortures cease:

Spread

20201

Spread thy sacred Pinions o'er me,

Lull the busy Soul to rest,

Then, bring her I Love before me,

She that's painted in my Breast.

II.

If kind as fair, my Prize I'll keep,

And, great as Jove, the World forsake,

Let me, thus bless't, for ever sleep,

And lye, and dream, and never wake;

But, shou'd the Fair, divinely bright,

Reject my Vows, and scorn my Flame,

Fly, fly kind Sleep, restore the Light,

Let *Strephon* see 'twas all a Dream.

LUSUS

LUSUS PILÆ

(Amatorius) ex nive coacta. Epigramma

Petronii Affranii.

ME nive candenti petit modo *Julia*, rebar
Igne carere nivem, nix tamen ignis erat.

Quid nive frigidius? pectus tamen urere nostrum
Nix potuit, manibus *Julia* missa tuis.

Quis Locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concreta si latet ignis aqua?

Julia sola potes nostras extinguere flamas,
Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

25.11.

The

The Same.

TRANSLATED.

FROM Julia's Hand a Snow-Ball came,

I thought it Ice, but felt it Flame :

See ! as the harden'd Fleece she throws,

The Substance kindles as it goes,

Forgets its native Cold, when press't

By her soft Hand, and burns my Breast.

Where safe from Love shall I retire,

If Snow contains a latent Fire ?

Julia, thy Love alone can ease

Our Pains, and quench the Fires you raise.

3d T
1671

T O



T O

M I R A.

A PASTORAL

P O E M.

O *Mira, fair as early Day,*
More clearing than the sunny Ray,

Not all the Beauties Nature yields,
To scent the Lawn, or grace the Fields,

Not gawdy Finch, with gilded Wing,

Nor warbling Larks that Soar and Sing,

Nor

Nor cooling Seat in vaulted Bow'rs,

Nor Fragrance breath'd from op'ning Flow'rs,

Nor fall of Streams, nor lonely Walks,

Where unsubstantial *Echo* talks,

Nor bleating Flocks, nor grassy Downs,

MNor silken Maids retir'd from Towns,

Not these have Charms, whene'er we part,

To kindle Pleasure in my Heart.

Thus, Mourns the thrifty glist'ning Bee,

For absent Sun, and droops like me:

Nor

Nor

((318))

Nor prunes his gawzy Wings to fly

Where Flow'rs, in gay Confusion, lye

Nor Sweetness sips from Blossoms fair,

Nor sportive Skims thro' Fields of Air,

Nature, too poor to sooth its Pain,

Spreads all her Store of Sweets in vain,

That single Blessing unpossess'd

Of all their Relish robs the rest.

M I R A



MIRA and COLIN.

A

SONG.

THE Morn was fair; the Sky serene,

The Face of Nature smil'd,

Soft Dews impearl'd the tufted Plain,

And Daisy-painted wild:

F

The

(34)

The Hills were gilded by the Sun,

Sweet breath'd the vernal Air,

Her early Hymn the Lark begun

To sooth the Shepherd's Care:

II.

When Mira fair, and Colin gay,

I Both fam'd for faithful Love,

Delighted with the rising Day,

Together sought the Grove:

And near a smooth translucent Stream

That silent stole along,

Thus

(35)

Thus *Colin* to his matchless Dame

Address'd the tender Song.

III.

Hark ! *Mira*, how from yonder Tree

The feather'd Warblers sing,

They tune their artless Notes for thee,

For thee, more sweet than Spring :

How choice a Fragrance thre' the Air

Those Spring-born Blossoms shed,

How seems that Vi'let proud to rear

Its purple-tinctur'd Head !

and T

IV.

(36)

IV.

Ah! *Mira*, had the tuneful Race

Thy Heart-bewitching Tongue,

Who wou'd not fondly haunt the Place,

Enamour'd while they sung?

Ye Flow'rs, on *Mira's* Bosom press't,

Ne'er held ye Place so fair,

Tho', oft ye breathe on *Venus'* Breast,

And scent the *Graces* Hair.

V.

Shall I to Gems compare thine Eyes,

Thy Skin to Virgin Snows,

Thy

(37)

Thy balmy Breath, to Gales that rise

From ev'ry new-blown Rose?

Ah, Nymph! so far thy Charms outshine

The fairest Forms we see,

We only guess at Things divine

By what appears in Thee.

VI.

'Twas thus enamour'd Colin sung,

His Love-excited Lays,

The Grove with tender Echoes rung,

Resounding Mira's Praise;

And,

H U T

v d T

And, thus crys Love, who sported near,

And wav'd his silken Wings,

What wonder, since the Nymph's so fair,

So fond the Shepherd sings.



T H E

((o83))



T H E

B E E.

In tenui Labor. Virg.

To yonder newly-open'd Rose,
Whose Leaves the Morning's Blush dis-
close,
How swift that prudent Insect flies,
Who oft in Beds of Fragrance lies;

EHT

And

(40)

And now the dewy Drop devours

That soft Impearls the blowing Flow'rs!

He now on Wings of Zephyrs rides,

Then, smooth in airy Circles glides,

And tastes whatever Nature yields

In fragrant Gardens, Groves or Fields.

That Vi'let Bank—, how sweet it smells!

How long on ev'ry Bloom he dwells—!

The Primrose now he makes his Prey,

And steals the Cowslip's Sweets away.

Cease—,

Cease—, artful Pland'rer—, spoil no more
 These Blossoms of their balmy Store,
 Which Nature taught them to produce,
 For nobler Man's Delight and Use :
 Nay—, rather Plunder—since we find
 No Traces of the Theft behind.

But now, why nimblly do'st thou rise,
 And lightly Skim before my Eyes ?
 And why thy tender Pinions spread,
 To humm, and wanton round my Head ?

What

I said I laboured all the night before
What swells thy little Heart to Rage?

Rash Fool! what prompts thee to engage

With Man, so far surpassing thee?

Why do'st thou whet thy Sting at Me?

When thou in Woodbine Bow'r did'st play,

Or in the Rose embosom'd lay,

Or thro' the scented Allys flew

Where Vi'lets breath'd, or Lillies grew,

Did I thy harmless Joys molest?

Did I with Terror fill thy Breast?

Did e'er I chace thee round the Bow'r

For Sweets, the Spoils of many a Flow'r?

And

And wilt thou, vain, ungrateful Thing!

At me direct thy poison'd *Sting*?

Fly hence—to lonely Desarts fly—,

And wilt thou still persist—, then die—.

And now, thy silken *Wings* I seize,

These silken *Wings* no more shall teize,

Nor shall they, smooth thy Body bear

Along the Bosom of the Air;

But thus—, torn off—, thro' Tempests go,

The Sport of all the Winds that blow:

And next, thy *Head* shall cease to cleave

To thee, so indiscreetly brave:

The

The Sting, that wont to give us Pain,
I thus—, for ever render vain,
And thou a nameless Carcase art,
Despoil'd of ev'ry harmful Part.

'Tis done—, and now methinks I find
Compassion working in my Mind ;
A tender Pity swells my Breast,
Too late, alas! to thee express :
These Eyes, which Death's cold Hand hath seal'd,
How dim they seem ! with Darkness veil'd !

These

((45))

These Limbs, which knew to form so well,
With curious Art the waxes Cell,
And there reserve it's Treasures rare,
That might with *Hybla* Sweets compare,
Now stiff—, there, piteous Object, lie,
O Life! how swiftly do'st thou fly!

A Moment since, and thou could'st Rove
Thro' Orchard, Meadow, Lawn, or Grove,
Delighted in the Sunshine play,
And Float along the lucid Ray;

Or

Or skim the dimply Stream, and roam

Far distant from thy Straw-built Home,

Yet now thy little Spirit's fled,

And thou art number'd with the Dead;

Alas ! how small a space supplies

The Insect, and the King that dies !

By so severe, so hard a Fate,

Was Pompey strip'd of all his State,

Like thee a headless Cors was made,

No Sigh, no Tear, no Honour paid.

Forgive,

Forgive, ah gentle *Shade*, forgive

That Hand, by which you cease to *Live*,

That Hand shall soon a *Tomb* prepare,

And place your injur'd *Body* there,

That Hand the sweetest *Flow'r's* shall bring,

The lov'liest Daughters of the *Spring*,

The *Pancy* gay, the *Violet* blue,

And *Roses* of celestial *Hue*,

Carnations sweet, of various dye,

And *Tulips*, form'd to please the *Eye*,

And

Ever

And ev'ry fragrant op'ning Bloom,

Shall breathe its Odours round thy Tomb:

And I, too conscious of my Crime,

Shall make thee Live to future Time. —



T O



Mr. ----- on seeing a
Friend's PICTURE of his
PAINTING.

SAY—, whence can *Paint* assume such Grace
To animate the mimick Face? *Paint* doth
That Face, where all that's good, and wise
Starts into Life, and strikes our Eyes,
And where, by thy creative Art,
Those Graces shine that deck his Heart.

H

Here

Here Fortitude and Friendship shine
 Confect, in ev'ry living Line,
 Here breathes *Philosophy*—: and there,
 A Calm, inspir'd, exalted Air,
 Like *Homer* when his Lyre he strung,
 And *Ilion's* Woes divinely sung;
 Or *Maro*, when in lofty Lays
 He hymn'd his *Pollio's* golden Days.

Let others boast the Skill, to trace
 Some faint Resemblance of the Face,

B.R.T. *and H.A. & J. Smith and Co. Edin. & B.
London.*

(51)

But you the pow'rful Magic know,

Distinct the secret Soul to show;

In thee that Excellence we find,

At once to Paint the Face and Mind.

THE



THE LOST
M U S E.

Clio, the sweetest Muse of Nine
Who charm the Gods with Lays divine,
Private and unperceiv'd withdrew,
And swift from sacred Pindus flew,
On some exalted Project bent,
But told no Creature her Intent.

The

The God of Numbers heard it said;
 His fav'rite, sweet-tongu'd Music was fled,
 And he had oft observ'd, of late

That she was absent from her Seat,
 When all her tuneful Sister-Train
 Were forming some immortal Strain.

He us'd to send her, now and then,
 With Hints to some peculiar Men,
 To Pope, Delany, Gay, or Swift,
 But now he cou'd not guess her Drift,

And

And wonders much, that she wou'd venture

To visit *Bards*, except he sent her;

So, half-provok'd, away he flies,

Takes *Hermes* with him in Disguise,

Resolv'd to roam the World around,

'Till *Clio's* private Haunt is found,

The Gods, impatient of Delay,

To fam'd *Eblana* wing their Way,

And prudent, first at *Swift's* descend,

Apollo's best-regarded Friend,

And

And whom the God of Verse and Wit,
 Inspir'd in ev'ry Line he writ,
 There might they hope their Prize to gain
 Where ev'ry Muse delights to Reign,
 But she, to execute her Scheme,
 Had left him just before they came.
 Quick as descending Rays of Light,
 To Delville next they take their Flight
 Delville, where all the Wise resort,
 Where oft the Muses keep their Court;
 And

And veil'd from ev'ry mortal Eye
 Thro' all the Doctor's Rooms they pry,
 They search his arbour'd Seats, and Garden,
 (Fit Place to find a *Muse* or *Bard* in :)
 Then turn'd his Papers o'er with Care,
 And plainly found she had been there,
 Such Learning, Elegance, and Ease,
 Appear in all *Delany's Lays*,
 Such Beauties in his Numbers shine,
 As prove their Origin divine.

With

With these their Disappointments vext,
They fly to fair *Saphira's* next,
And found her, forming into Rhime
A Thought exalted and Sublime,
Perceiv'd such Excellence and Wit,
Such Charms in all she spoke and writ,
As soon convinc'd their wond'ring Eyes,
The *Muse* was with her in Disguise,
And, fond the rising Age to bless,
Assum'd a mortal Form and Dress.

The God, delighted, calms his Rage,
 And crys, there Live, to charm the Age,
 Be thou a gay inspiring Guest,
 And fill, with soft Delights, her Breast,
 That Breast with all that's good replete,
 But *Clio*, this will be thy Fate,
 Thou shalt contrive the deathless Lays,
 But see *Sapbira* win the Praise.



THE
INVITATION.
 To Doctor DELANY, at
Delville, MDCCXXIX.

Excepto quod non simul esses, cetera Letus.

WHILE you, dear *Friend*, exempt
 from Care,

Delight to breathe the rural Air,

Where *Nature* pours her best Perfumes

From fragrant Flow'rs, and op'ning Blooms,

While

While You, with Gardens, Groves, and Plains,
 And various Eye-bewitching Scenes,
 Contrive politely how to please,
 And charm the Soul a thousand Ways,
 I wish—, nor let my Wish be vain,
 To tempt you back to Town again.

'T'were Condescension great in thee
 To quit such Joys to pleasure me,
 For, here no stately Dome have I,
 No Scenes to charm the roving Eye,

No Gardens fair, no Fields to roam,
Nor half the Sweets you find at Home:
Yet, if gay Ovid sings aright,
The Gods themselves wou'd oft delight,
Ev'n Hermes and Apollo too,
(Both rival'd in their Arts by you,
Whether in Lays sublime you shine,
Or act the Orator Divine :)
These Gods, I say, wou'd now and then
Descend, to visit humble Men.

Oft is it pleasing to the Great
To live forgetful of their State,
To leave Abundance, and unbend
Their Minds with some inferior Friend,
Where blest with Health, and homely Fare,
They quaff Delight, and smile at Care,
And find that in an humble Cell,
Mirth, Innocence, and Peace can dwell.
Oft in a Toyshop have you seen
A gawdy-painted, small Machine,
Where

(63)

Where Man and Wife are plac'd together,

To tell by turns the change of Weather,

No Simile cou'd half so well

Describe the House in which I dwell.

O ! wou'd some Zephyr waft, with Care,

My House and Garden thro' the Air,

To Lands encircled by the Main,

Where Lilliputian Monarchs Reign,

How wou'd it glad my Heart to see

Whole Nations—somewhat les than me,

My

My House wou'd then a Palace rise,

And Kings with Envy view my Size.

O thou, by ev'ry Muse inspir'd,

By ev'ry gen'rous Soul admir'd,

A—while forsake the sylvan Scene,

And, with the Grates in thy Train,

Descend to make my Joys compleat,

And with thy Presence bless my Seat:

For thy enliv'ning Converse lends

Abundant Rapture to thy Friends,

Thy

~~as it doth the mind now & then~~
Thy Words, exprest with graceful Art,

~~as it will wait upon the soul & heart~~
Improve the Head, and mend the Heart.

~~as it doth now & then to make us wiser~~
The more we know thee, still we find

~~as it doth now & then to make us better~~
Some new Perfections in thy Mind,

~~as it doth now & then to make us nobler~~
A rich, inestimable Store

~~as it doth now & then to make us holier~~
Of Virtues, unperceiv'd before.

~~as it doth now & then to make us more like God~~
Thus, o'er the Vault of Heav'n, by Night,

~~as it doth now & then to make us more like angels~~
We see a thousand *Orbs* of Light;

K

But

But, when with nicer View we trace

That bright, interminable Space,

New Worlds of Glory there we spy,

That 'scap'd at first the wond'ring Eye.



T H E



THE

GIRDLE.

IN slumber sweet as *Venus* lay

Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove,

Where odour-breathing *Zephyrs* play,

There wily *Cupid* chanc'd to rove.

II.

Surpriz'd, he sees the Goddess there

Alone, and calmly lull'd to Rest,

With

With loosen'd Zone, and golden Hair,

Soft-waving o'er her snowy Breast.

III.

This Love-creating Zone, he crys,

Shall now diviner Cart'ret grace,

Shall give new Lustre to her Eyes,

And spread new Beauty o'er her Face.

IV.

The Girdle seiz'd, and Cupid flown,

From Sleep arose the Queen of Love,

She miss't her Beauty-giving Zone,

And sought it, anxious, thro' the Grove,

V. This

(69)

V.

This Loss will all my Charms destroy,

She crys, and O I fear——, my Son

To give some fav'rite *Female* Joy,

Hath all his Parent's Pow'r undone.

VI.

To search him out, she speeds away

From Place to Place, with eager Hast

And spies him, full of Mirth and Play,

At beauteous *Cart'ret's* Toilet plac't.

VII. The

O *Cart'ret* ! you have done me wrong !

and T . V

VII.

The Fair, such Charms posses'd before

As ne'er immortal Form were seen,

The Girdle adds a thousand more,

By which she rivals Beauty's Queen :

VIII.

In Cart'ret's Face such Graces smil'd,

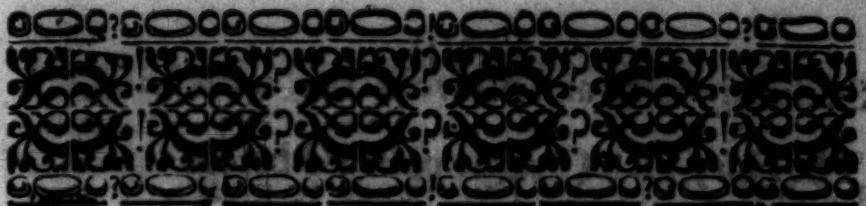
The Goddess looks away her Rage,

I'm pleas'd, she crys, since thus beguil'd,

To show Perfection to the Age.

T O

808



TO MIRIA

M I R A.

With the Miscellaneous Works of
Mr. POPE.

MIRA, to thee the fondest of thy Friends
With these soft Works his softest

Wishes sends,

Works, form'd with Grandeur, Majesty, and Art,

To raise the Mind, and to delight the Heart,

OT

Sub-

Sublimely soft, and Nervous tho' with Ease,

Inspir'd with ev'ry Excellence to please,

The Pow'r of *Numbers* governing the whole,

Enchants the Ear, and mixes with the Soul.

If *Windsor's* sacred Forest be his Theme,

Windsor delights us as a golden Dream,

Sweet are its Lawns and Groves in Fancy seen,

With bloomy Sprays, and ever-living Green,

The *Mind*, transported with his Scenes, he leads

O'er Hills, or Vales, or Flow'r-embellish'd Meads,

From

From him new Charms inspiring *Windsor* gains,

And Smiles with Bloom eternal in his Strains.

If *Pope* describes the Youth prepar'd to Chace,

With wing'd Pursuit, the frightened sylvan Race,

To wind the Vocal Horn, while Hills resound,

And urge the rapid *Steed* to skim the Ground,

Th' impatient *Fancy*, wing'd with equal Speed,

Flies o'er the Lawns, and stretches with the *Steed*.

When whelm'd in Grief fond *Eloisa* lies,

With kind Concern we feel our Bosoms rise,

So just, so lively are her Woes express't,

A strong Compassion throbs in ev'ry Breast,

In ev'ry Sigh, in ev'ry Pang we share,

Bleed at her Wounds, and number Tear for Tear.

To some lone Cell when mournful she retires,

To breathe those Sighs, which Solitude inspires,

Who on a Tomb can see the Mourner spread,

(The dreary Lodgment of the silent Dead,) (op. 11)

Where Damps unwholsome Taint the purer Air,

With not one Friend to soften her Despair,

Who

Who sees unmov'd the Soul-distressing Scene,

Who reads her Woes, and feels not all her Pain?

Her Grief enliv'n'd by the Poet's Art,

With ev'ry kind Emotion sways the Heart.

When loftier Lines describe the peaceful Age,

And God *Messiah* swells the sacred Page,

How bold! how rais'd his Sentiments appear!

How justly temper'd with an hallow'd Fear!

How is the *Bard* with heav'nly Raptures fir'd!

How, praising God! by God himself inspir'd!

Messiah

Messiah born! O sing Messiah's Reign!

When teeming Plenty loads the fruitful Plain:

O smile ye Fields! ye Vallies laugh and sing!

Rejoyce thou Sion! Salem greet thy King!

Ye Clouds, your Fatness on the Earth distill!

Ye feather'd People hymn from ev'ry Hill!

To bless the Earth a God, a God descends,

*Whose Wisdom guides, whose Providence
defends.*

O, cou'd I flow in Cowley's easy Vein,

Or boast the gentle Granville's softer Strain,

Cou'd

(77)

Cou'd I aspire to *Pope's* sublimer Stile,

(The nobler *Homer* of the *British Isle*,)

Each lively Thought shou'd, like thy Beauties,

warm,

And charm that *Maid* who lives the World to

charm.



A N

(111)

Zooke Zooke Zooke Zooke Zooke Zooke

A N

O D E.

T O

L Y C I D A S.

I.

WHY, *Lycidas*, shou'd Man be vain
If bounteous Heav'n hath made
him Great,

Why look, with insolent Disdain,

On those undeck't with Wealth and State?

V A

II. Can

((79))

II.

Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,

Or costly Gems, to deck the Hair,

Can all the Glories of a Crown

Give Health, or smooth the Brow of Care?

III.

The sceptred Prince, the burden'd Slave,

The Humble and the Haughty die,

The Poor, the Rich, the Base, the Brave,

In Dust without Distinction lie.

IV. Go.

(80)

IV.

Go, search the Tombs where *Monarchs* rest,

Who once the richest Glories wore,

Fled is that Grandeur they possess't,

And all their Greatness is no more.

V.

So glides the *Meteor* thro' the Sky,

And sweeps along a gilded Train,

But when its short-liv'd Beauties die,

Dissolves to common *Air* again.

THE



THE CANDLE.

CANDLE.

HAIL ! thou that chear'st the Face of
Night ;
Fair, artificial World of Light,
Whose Radiance bids the Gloom look gay,
And Kindles darkness into Day,
What Words thy Excellence can praise,
Or Paint the Beauties of thy Blaze !

1621

M

The

The Stars, that twinkle on the Eye
 Thro' yon Immeasurable Sky,
 A less Degree of Lustre show,
 And less assist this World below.

Prometheus, boldest Son of Earth,
 Was sure the Author of thy Birth,
 His Wisdom form'd thee, fit to bear
 The Lucid Theft thro' Fields of air.

When dark-ey'd Night enshrouds the Skies
 With Shades, and Nature silent lies,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with thy gloom-dispelling Fire,

I soon from Care and Noise retire;

Then, fond of *Wisdom's* charms, explore

The antient *Sages'* golden Store,

And grieve, to think those Sons of Fame

Were less Immortal ——— than their Name.

I Read Old *Homer's* nervous Lines,

Where Heav'n-born Inspiration shines;

Great Bard ! who knew to raise Delight

Evn from the Terrors of a Fight ;

To

To fire the Soul with Martial Rage,

Or give engaging Charms to Age,

To Sway the Heart with Hope, or Fear,

And 'wake the Grief-created Tear,

By thee, I read what *Flaccus* writ,

With boundless Elegance and Wit;

Or what the gay *Anacreon* sung,

Or *Sappho*'s Soul-subduing Tongue;

Or *Swift*'s, or *Pope*'s, or *Maro*'s Lays,

All blest with universal Praise,

By

By thee, the pleasing Means I find,

To brighten and improve the Mind.

But, while by Thirst of Wisdom led,

I thus hold converse with the Dead,

Thy Beauty swift consumes away ;

Alas ! that fairest Forms decay !

Tho' *Hellen* heav'nly Charms possesst

That spread Delight thro' ev'ry Breast,

Like thine, her Beauties cou'd not save

The fair Possessor from the Grave.

In thee, *Latitia*, tho' we find
All Virtues that exalt the Mind ;
Tho' Nature ev'ry Gift supplies,
To make thee, more than Woman, wise ;
Tho' *Seraphs* Hymn the Pow'r divine
In strains that only equal thine ;
Tho' now with all Perfections grac't,
As *Hellen* Fair, as *Cynthia* Chaste,
Yet thou, and all that's good, or great,
Must bow to wasting Time, and Fate,
Thy sprightly Wit, thy Eyes divine
Shall Cease, —— Ev'n they shall cease to shine.



C O R V U S.

A very common C A S E.

I. III

IF e'er I marry, *Corvus* crys,
The tender Partner of my Bed

Must be both affable and wise,

Divinely form'd, and nicely bred.

II. Good-

-A-O-O-

II.

Good-natur'd, witty, gay, polite,

Of Manners gentle and refin'd,

Must like Divine *Sophira* write,

And boast a *Mirr*'s perfect Mind.

III.

'Twas well resolv'd, a *Wife* he chose:

Sure *Corous* is extremely blest!

Alas, a wedded Wretch he grows,

At Home perplex'd, Abroad a Jest.

IV. Either

-book A. It may seem tame to us, but it was only
to collect all the old English poems that I have
been able to find.

IV.

Either by Weakh, or Features, caught,

Those Charms that sway the senseless Croud

She's the Reverse of what he sought,

Grave, simple, sullen, testy, proud.

V.

M

Like * *Fauſtus* he expects to gain,

A fair One deck'd with heav'nly Charms,

But finds with Horror, Grief, Disdain,

A Fury thrust into his Arms.

* Alluding to a Fabulous Passage in the Life of *Fauſtus*: who was deluded by the Devil's promising him the Enjoyment of a *Hellen*, but was cheated with the Person of a *Fury*.

(10)
(93)

C O R V U S.

Latine Reditus. per *Gul. Dunkiv. A. B.*

ME si fata volunt vinclo sociare Jugali,
Sit conjux facilis, comis, amica, pla-
cens;

Ingenium cui mitte datur, cui splendida virtus
Et sine bile sales, et sine fraude decor;

Sapiræ jactet Phæbum, Miraq; Minervam,

Nec minor igne Dei, nec minor arte Deæ.

Hæc

E H T

C Q D

Hæc ubi dixisset *Corvus*, præclara minatus,

Uxorem duxit : nempe beatus erit ;

Ut voluit Fortuna, miser sua vincula mordet,

Bella domi patitur, Ludibriumq; foris.

Seu scelerata fames auri, seu forma Profanum ;

Quæq; movent vulgus, tē quoq; *Corve* movent.

Illa viri votis contraria vota rependit,

Iracunda, gravis, dura, superba, rudit :

Haud secus in scena, misero damnatus amori,

Divinæ *Fauſtus* virginis ora manet,

Ast dum Tyndarides collo dare brachia circum

Ardet, in amplexus fæva *Megara* ruit.

(18)

200,200,2000000000,000,200

T H E

F L E A.

Inscrib'd to N. P_____, Esq;

LITTLE Hind'rer of my Rest,
Thus I tear thee from my Breast,

Bosom Traytor ! pinching Harm !

Wounding me who kept thee warm !

Thro' my Skin thou scatter'st Pains,

Crimson'd o'er with circling Stains,

Skippling Mischief ! swift as Thought !

Sanguine Insect ! — art thou caught !

Nought

Nought avail thy nimble Springs,

Caus'd perhaps by viewless Wings ;

Those thy Teeth that cheat our Sight

Cease their titillating Bite,

I, from all thy Vengeance freed,

Safe shall Sleep, and cease to Bleed.



TO

To FULVIA Singing.

THO' Time on the Features of Fulvia hath

Tfed,

And mow'd down the Roses that bloom'd in

her Face,

Tho' the Pale in her Checks hath supplanted the

Red,

And her Beauties to Wrinkles and Horror give

Place.

II.

Yet Fulvia in spight of her Person, and Age,

Well-suited to chill the most amorous Breast,

SH T

While

While she Tortures our Sight, she our Ears can
 engage,

With a Voice, too divine to be justly express'd.

III. COUNCIL OF THE THREE.

So *Fiddles*, with Vermin and Time half-decay'd,

Discolour'd, and rotten, and dusty, and foul,

If touch'd into Voice, are surprizingly made

To emit such a Sound, as may ravish the Soul.

T H E



THE

Constant SHEPHERD.

Felices ter & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula.

Hor.

COME hither, *Mira*, while the Sun

Prepares his radiant Course to run,

Come sit, my fair one, always gay,

Inspirer of the tender Lay,

On

On yonder Bank with *Violets* crown'd,

And *Cowslips* breathing Sweets around,

And listen, kind, while I impart

What Fondness dictates to my Heart.

To Me how Beautiful appear

All Nature's Works, when thou art near !

Sweet glides the mazy Stream along,

And sweetly sounds the *Thrush*'s Song,

With added Charms the Flow'r's display

Their Beauties, op'ning to the Day ;

O

But

But *Mira* gone—my Pleasures fly,

The Stream unheeded wanders by,

The Birds, methinks, discordant sing,

And cheerless breathe the Sweets of Spring:

'Tis she that charms, and makes with ease

Each varying Scene, and Object please.

Be ever prais'd that Pow'r divine,

And blest the Hour that made thee mine.

When others I with thee compare,

Thou seem'st more virtuous, wise, and fair,

And,

(99)

And, pleas'd, I see thee far outshine

Thy Sex, with Excellence divine.

Belinda boasts a beauteous Face,

She wants no Eye-engaging Grace,

Yet search *Belinda's* Mind with Care,

You'll find no Charms to strike you there.

In *Laura* Wit and Humour reign,

But *Laura's* peevish, proud, and vain,

Devour'd with Spleen, perverse, and prone

To scorn all Judgments—but her own.

But,

((100))

But, *Mira!* each superior Grace
Adorns thy Soul, and decks thy Face;
Both form'd so fair, not *Envy's Eye*
Can one Defect, or Blemish spy,
Ev'n *Virtue's self* wou'd Mankind see;
Their wond'ring Eyes must fix on thee.

May *Heav'n*, to crown my Life with Joy,
For thee its guardian Care employ,
And ev'ry swiftly-circling *Hour*
Abundant Blessings 'round thee pour:

Then

(101)

Then *Colin*, blest in this Retreat,
Shall scorn the Glory of the Great,
And here with sweet Contentment reign,
A constant, kind, delighted Swain.—

Be ever prais'd that Pow'r divine,
And blest the Hour that made thee mine.

ccd T

A

A

Supportable Misfortune.

Imitated from *Martial.*

*Ην δὲ μανεῖς γῆμαι τὸς, ἔχει χάριν, οὐ κατορύζει
Εὐθυς τὴν γαμέτην, περιπλα λαβὼν μεγάλην.

Auto :

MORE sweet *Erotio* seem'd, and fair,
Than blooms that Scent the vernal Air,
Than Virgin *Lilly*'s radiant hue,
Or softest *Down*, or pearly *Dew*;

* And

* And breath'd such Fragrance, such Perfume,
As Roses that in *Pestus* bloom.

O ! snatch'd——, for ever snatch'd away !
To *Fate* a lovely tender Prey !
Entomb'd with thee my Pleasures lie,
My Mirth, my Love, my Raptures die !

|| Scarce cold within the Sacred Urn,
Erotis sleeps, whom thus I mourn,

* Fragravit ore, quod Rosarium *Pestis*.
|| Adbuc recenti repetit *Eratione Busto*, &c.

Yet *Corvus* in a Rage appears,

To hear my Sighs, and see my Tears,

And crys, " Why this affected Show,

" * Of Grief, these Images of Woe ?

" What means this tearing of the Hair ?

" This solemn Face of deep Despair ?

" Can'st thou one sign of Sorrow see,

" One mark of real Grief in me ?

" || Yet I've interr'd a beauteous Bride,

" Her Fortune ample——as her Pride ;

* Et esse tristem me meus veta Corvus.

|| Ego conjugem, inquit, extuli, et tamen vivo; notam,
superbam, Locupletem, &c.

" Of

“ Of sober Sense, and anxious Thought

“ To magnify the Wealth she brought:

“ Yet I survive a Loss so great,

“ And seem contented with my Fate.

THAT

Thrice happy *Corvus!* blissful Hour!

To lose a *Wife*, and gain a *Dow'r*:

† What Patience *Jove* to *Corvus* gives!

He gets a thousand Pound —— Yet lives!

† Quid esse nostro fortius potest *Corvo*,
Ducenties accepit, et tamen vivit.



THE
GIFT.

O PPRESS'D *Hibernia*, in Despair,
Complains to *Jove* in fervent Pray'r,
How fast her Liberties decay,
How fast her Honours fade away,
Her Sons to no Preferments rise,
Tho' Earth can boast of few so Wise,

How

How Poor, how Desolate she grows,

And begs Redress of all her Woes.

Then Jove : " *Hibernia* sues too late,

" Her Sorrows are decreed by Fate,

" But Heav'n those Sorrows shall Repay

" With Blessings, in a nobler Way.

" Let Haughty *Britain* boast no more,

" With scornful Pride, her golden Store,

" That distant Worlds her Name revere,

" That Arts and Learning flourish there ;

" To

AIM

woH

" To raise thy Glory, we design
 " To bless thee with a *Gift Divine*,
 " A *Gift*, by which thy injur'd Name
 " Shall fill th' immortal Voice of Fame,
 " That *Albion* may with Envy see
 " Her Glories far surpass'd by thee.

Hibernia thanks him for the *Gift*,

And owns, She's overpaid in *Swift*.

MIRAS



M I R A's Picture,

A S Mira the Lovely, whom Nature with
Care,

Created surpassingly Virtuous and Fair,

Convers'd with Clarissa, in Words that reveal,

That Learning and Wit which she strives to

conceal,

A Poet was near, who perceiv'd, with Surprise,

The Charms of her Mind equal those of her Eyes,

So perfect a Form, so harmonious a Tongue,

No Pencil e'er painted, no Poet e'er sung:

AIM

TO

And

And whilst her Perfections with Wonder he views,
Thus, to *Cupid*, her constant Attendant, he sue's.

What Language, O *Cupid*, what Words shall

I find,

To speak the Perfections that polish her Mind,

O ! tell me what Colours can paint ev'ry Grace,

That lives in her Language, and blooms in her

Face !

Ne'er hope it, crys *Love*, not *Apollo's* own

Lays

Such various Perfections cou'd worthily praise ;

Her

Her Wisdom the Envy of *Pallas* might move,

Her Beauty give Pain to the Goddess of *Love*.

But wou'd you describe her both Wise and Sin-

cere,

Than Sweet-breathing Blossoms more Fragrant,

and Fair,

Of more Graces divine, more Virtues possesst,

Than ever resided in one Woman's Breast,

Call her *Cloe's* Reverse, and Mankind will know,

That *Mira's* the perfectest Being below.

((. . .))

C U P I D's Reply.

I.

C O M E tell me *Cupid, Venus* crys,

And speak, if possible, sincere,

What mortal Beauty boasts such Eyes

As these? The God reply'd, * *Kildare.*

II.

But see, my Child, this Form of mine,

What Charms, what Graces wanton there,

Who equals now this Bloom Divine?

Persisting *Cupid* crys, *Kildare.*

* The Rt. Honourable the Countess of *Kildare.*

III. This

III.

This Skin excells the Virgin Snow,

These Lips, these Cheeks the Soul ensnare,

Can fairest Forms such Beauties show,

Crys *Cupid*, go—, observe *Kildare*.

IV.

Her Innocence let *Cynthia* boast,

And *Wisdom's Queen* her Virtues rare,

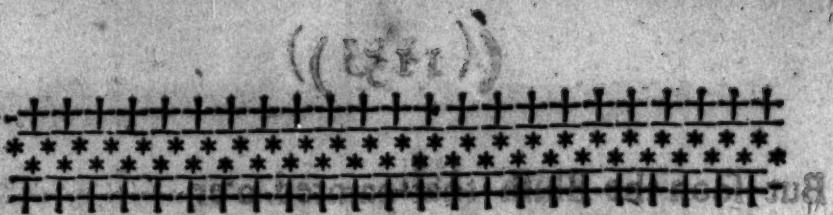
Yet their united Charms, at most,

Will prove faint Copies of *Kildare*.

Q

THE

and T III



((ETT))

THE MIRABILYSH

ADVICE.

To MIR A.

TWO Females fair, for Beauty fam'd,
This *Flavia*, t'other *Mira* nam'd,

Were form'd with ev'ry perfect Grace,

Each Excellence of Mind and Face.

Tho' many a Heart for *Flavia* bleeds,

In Wedlock *Mira* first Succeeds :

But

(115)

But soon the Blush that painted o'er

Her Virgin Cheek, appears no more,

Her Bloom in weak'ning Child-birth flies,

And ev'ry rosy Beauty dies.

From *Flavia's Checks* the Roses fade,

And fast her Maiden Charms decay'd,

In Dairys, Fields, or lonely Bow'rs

She wastes her solitary Hours,

For Plays, — she sees a *Sylvan Scene*,

And sighs for Town——, but sighs in vain.

But
O T

How *Beauty* fades ! perplexing Thought !

Thus both are on a level brought,

By diff'rent Causes both survey

Their Pride-inspiring Charms decay.

Then thus, ye *Fair*, I both advise,

Since *Beauty* ev'ry Moment flies,

Since ev'ry Hour those Charms decrease

Which deck the most alluring Face,

Improve, what *Time* can ne'er impair,

What only renders Woman Fair,

What keeps a Husband always kind,

Improve, the beauties of the *Mind*.



T O

LYCIDAS in the Country.

DEAR absent *Friend*, with Wisdom bless'd,
Of all that's Good and Great posses'd,
What gay Contrivance shall I find
To cheer thy Spleen-distemper'd Mind,
To chase the pensive Hours away,
And bid thy Solitude be gay ?
You bid me write — : for *Verses* you cry,
Can raise the Soul to soar on high,

(118)

Can ev'ry rapt'rous Joy impart,

And pleasingly improve the Heart.

All this, Dear *Friend*, I freely grant,

But Ease and Solitude I want,

I want those calm Delights that raise

The raptur'd Soul to lofty Lays.

From me can tuneful Numbers flow,

Whose harrass'd Thoughts no respite know?

From me, whom anxious Care's perplex,

And never-ending Labours vex,

Con-

((119))

Confin'd to Town, tormenting Pain !

Where Hurry, Noise, and Nonsense reign ?

Now call'd, perhaps, away in haste,

To tend a Matrimonial Feast,

And Join some venal-hearted Pair,

Who make not Love, but Wealth their Care,

Slight the pure Union's nobler Ends,

And Marry ——, just to please their Friends.

From thence, with hasty Steps I go,

To Scenes of Poverty and Woe,

And

((1201))

And taught, by what I there survey,

I moralize the Hours away.

Can these excite that heav'nly Fire,

Which must the Poet's Song inspire?

No—! the gay Sons of Phœbus love

The silent, thick-embow'ring Grove,

To lye beside the limpid Spring,

And hear the wood-born Warblers sing,

To wander o'er sequestred Scenes,

Or tread the flow'r-enammel'd Plains,

Or

Or near a Cowslip'd Bank reclin'd

To catch the Fragrance from the Wind,

Of Noise, and Crowds, and Cares afraid,

High rapt in Solitude and Shade.



R

Ad



Ad CÆDITIANUM.

De Imagine M. Antonii Primi;
V. *Martialis*, Epig. W

HÆC mihi quæ colitur violis pictura, ro-
sisque;

Quos referat vultus, *Ceditiane*, rogas? W

Talis erat *Marcus mediis Antonius annis* W

Primus: in hoc Juvenem se videt ore senex.

Ars utinam mores animumque Effingere posset! W

Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

The

000:000:000:000:000:000

THE
SAME Imitated.

On the Picture of *William Caulfield*,
late Lord Viscount Charlemont.

WHOSE Picture's this, you ask, replete,

With all that's Gen'rous, Good
and Great,

Where Art hath crowded ev'ry grace

Which constitutes a noble Face?

Such *Caulfield* was, such Charms he wore

When Youth his Checks vermillion'd o'er,

Tho'

Tho' Time, that ev'ry Form impairs,

Had crown'd his Head with Silver Hairs,

In this, we see his Bloom survive,

And ev'ry Charm preserv'd alive.

Cou'd Art some nice Contrivance find

To paint the Beauties of his Mind,

Those Godlike Virtues which we trace

Thro' all his heav'nly-temper'd Race,

A Lov'lier Piece, the World wou'd own,

Cou'd ne'er to mortal Eyes be shown;

(121)

PASTORAL ELEGY,
On the Death of a Lady's CANA-
R Y-BIRD.

Paffer mortuus est mea Puella,

Paffer delicia mea Puella,

Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.

Catull.

NOW the grey Dawn had scarce o'ercome
the Night,
And over the *Welkin* cast a doubtful Light,
The paler Stars proclaim'd the Morn's advance,
And faintly glimmer'd thro' the smooth Expans;

When

When Thenot, simple Swain ! with Grief oppress't,

For Vires dead, neglects his balmy Rest,

Flies to the Beach, unmindful of his Flock,

There lies complaining on the chilling Rock,

His Tears the swellings of the Waves increase,

While Grief, with pale Concern, imprints his Face.

Be hush'd my Sighs—, ye Tears more softly

flow,

Be still ye Waves—, ye Winds forget to blow;

Let Echo slumber in the dreary Vale,

And Nature, silent, hear the sad'ning Tale—:

Ah—!

Ah—! no ! my Sighs, my fiercest Griefs arise—!

Let ceaseless Sorrows overflow my Eyes,

Ye Winds, the Air with hollow Murmers fill,

Let Echo spread my Woes from Hill to Hill,

With greater Ease our Load of Grief we bear,

When other Partners in our Sorrow share.

Oft, to my Eyes his airy Form appears,

And oft his Voice soft warbles in my Ears;

His quiv'ring Pinions, and his swelling Throat

Now swim before my Sight—: Hark ! that's his

Note !

—A

'Tis

'Twas fancy all—, and now that Fancy dies,

Nor Joy, nor *Vireo* glads my tearful Eyes.

His Plumes the Beauties of the King-cup show,

Mix'd with the Whiteness of descending Snow,

His glossy Wings delightfully unfold,

Like Ev'ning Clouds bespeak'd with liquid Gold;

Smooth on his Breast the downy Feathers lay,

No Down so smooth, no Fleece so soft as they :

But what avails that Eye-enchanting Store,

His Plumes, his Voice, his Beauties are no more.

More

More sweet, more various were his pleasing

Strains,

Than rising Flow'rs that deck untrodden Plains :

More cheering he than Breath of infant Spring,

He'd sing so sweet—, how sweetly wou'd he sing !

But now, ah see ! the fav'rite *Warbler* dead !

See ! down his Breast now drops the speckled

Head ;

All stiff he lies the dampy Earth along,

His little Bosom swells no more with Song,

No more to melting Airs attunes his Voice,

To charm the Vales, or bid the Groves rejoice,

S

Fled

Fled are the Joys we felt whene'er he sung,

And ev'ry Sweet that dwelt upon his Tongue.

Ye blithsome *Elves*, (if *Elves* regard our Pain,) (1)

Who tread the Circles of the grassy Plain,

Who print the *Slatt'ren's* Arm with Pinches blue,

And Silver drop in cleanly Damsel's Shoe :

Who ride the whirling Winds by Swains unseen,

And Gambol mirthful on the daisy'd Green:

Where was your boasted Care, when *Vireo* lay

Devoid of Strength, and panting Life away?

Oh !

Oh ! had ye sav'd that Life which now is flown,
 No Sighs this Breast, no Tears these Eyes had
 known.

It chanc'd, while *Tbenot* plain'd his piteous Case,
 And many a trickling Tear bedew'd his Face,
 Stretch'd out at length within a *Cowslip*, lay
 Fatigu'd with Moon-light Dance, and wanton
 Play,
 A Fairy small : He turns his list'ning Ears
 To hear the Tale, and pities while he hears :

Himself

((132))

Himself unseen, his slender Voice he rais'd,

And thus, with Story meet, the Shepherd eas'd.

In vain your Sighs, your Tears in vain are shed,

Nor Tears, nor Sighs recall the breathless Dead.

Ah ! wiless Lad ! thou causeless art a-griev'd,

Had *Vireo* Life deserv'd he still had liv'd.

The fatal Cause by which the Warbler dy'd,

Wrong do'st thou ween, that Doubt must I decide,

One Ev'ning mild as fair *Letitia* sung,

And pour'd melodious Sweetness from her Tongue

Silent,

((133))

Silent the wild Creation stood around,

Intent to hear, and gladden'd with the Sound:

There *Vireo* came, and while his Ear he turn'd

To catch her Notes, his Heart with Envy burn'd,

With jealous Rage his tender Bosom swell'd,

To hear his Song surpass'd, his Voice excell'd,

No more he cheerful chirps, no more he sings,

But droops his languid Head, and hangs his Wings,

In secret pin'd with unsuspected Woes,

And breath'd out Life before the Morn arose.

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Silence

Here ceas'd the *Elve* ; and now the rising Day
 Along the Mountain shot a slanting Ray,
 Now *Marian* stretch'd her Linnen o'er the Line,
 And *Susan* trudg'd to Milk the lowing Kine,
 The Swain, reliev'd, forsook the lonely Rock,
 And hied to seek his long-neglected Flock.



PHOIBO-BATHROS:
OR, THE
POET'S-WELL.

Apparent Rari nantes.

Virg.

I Wander'd out the other Day,
And stole from Care, and Town away,
No Cloud o'er all the Sky was seen,
The Fields were cloath'd with lively Green,

The

The Sun shone out exceeding fair,
And Hay new-mown perfum'd the Air,
But forc'd to fly the Noon-day Heat,
I chose a silent shaded Seat,
From whence, where'er I turn'd my Eyes,
I saw inspiring Prospects rise,
Groves, Rivers, Hills with Verdure crown'd,
And Nature smiling all around,
And still to charm my Thoughts the more,
I read Saphira's Numbers o'er,
Where Wit and sacred Friendship shine,
And Virtue blooms in ev'ry Line.

But

But while, thus raptur'd, I attend
 To each Perfection of my Friend,
 I grieve, the World so ill repays
 The noblest *Bards* of modern Days.
 For Years, perhaps, unbid to rise,
 Neglected, modest *Merit* lies;
 See! *Learning*, that angelic Guest,
 By pompous *Ignorance* deprest!
 See, by the wealthy witless *Herd*,
 The *Wise* contempn'd, the *Fool* prefer'd.

*T*o *W*hat *R*eject-

W

B

((138))

Reflecting thus, the drowsy God,
Thrice with his Sleep-creating Rod
My Eyelids touch'd; soft Slumbers came,
And thus I dreamt—or seem'd to dream.

Some wond'rous Pow'r, methought, with Care
Convey'd me swiftly thro' the Air,
And plac'd me near the sacred Spring
At which the tuneful Sisters sing.
Where God Apollo joins the Quire,
And strikes the Silver-sounding Lyre.

While

((1591))

While rapt I stood, such Sounds to hear
As charm the Soul into the Ear,
Here cease the Song, *Apollo* crys,
Arise, ye Virgin-Train arise,
This Day, this ever-sacred Day
Shall ev'ry Author's Worth display,
Each British, each Hibernian Bard
Shall now acquire a just Reward,
I'll show the World what Poet's Lays
Shall bloom Immortal, blest with Praise,
And whose dull stupid Works shall lyce
Unnotic'd, and obscurely Die.

This

This said, before their wond'ring Eyes
 He bids a spacious *Temple* rise,
 A *Temple*, form'd with so much Art,
 So beautiful in ev'ry Part,
 It seem'd, (tho' rais'd in so much haste,) The Labour of an Age at least.

Within the Dome, enthron'd in State
 The *Antient*s far, sublimely Great :
 Homer, the Prince of Bards was there,
 And Maro, with majestic Air ;
 There

There *Flaccus*, who the Soul can sway
 With Lays polite, instructive, gay;
 The *Tean* too, whose Songs impart
 A thousand Raptures to the Heart,
 And ev'ry Bard whose tuneful Tongue,
 In sacred Strains divinely sung.

There *Albion's* ancient Sons appear'd,
 Great Souls ! as Deities rever'd :
 Old *Chaucer*, who the Mind regales
 With witty, Mirth-creating Tales;
 Sweet,

Sweet, laurel'd *Spencer* next was seen,
 Immortal in his *Fairy-Queen*;
Milton, who boundless Worlds explor'd,
 Where never Poet's Fancy soar'd,
 And dare so great a Subject chuse
 As ask'd an *Angel* for a *Muse*:
Soft Waller, who with silver Tongue,
 The Pains of hopeless Passion sung:
Shakespear, with whom the *Muses* dwell,
 Whom few can copy, none excell:
 With *Cowley*, of o'erflowing Wit,
 And *Dorset* keen in all he writ.

The God next bids the Earth subside,

To form a *Well* immensely wide,

And instant at his Word, the Ground

Discloses deep a vast *Profound*,

To fill the mighty Void, he sees

The Waters rise, by just *Degrees*,

And smiles with conscious Joy, to find

The *Well* adapted to his Mind.

Now haste, he crys, ye sacred *Nimis*,

Sweet Modulers of Lays divine,

On

On Wings of *Zephyrs* thro' the Sky
 To *Albion*, and *Jerne* fly,
 Let each collect with nicest Care
 The Works of *Bards* that flourish there;
 Then into *This* shall all be thrown,
 To make their various Merits known.

The Strains by our Instruction writ,
 With Spirit, Learning, Judgement, Wit,
 Which Ages yet unborn shall praise,
 And crown with never-fading Bays,

Shall

Shall float along the limpid Wave:

Those consecrating Time shall save,

The rest shall sink, and swiftly go

To dwell in Ebon Shades below.

Here shall the Graces stand to seize

Each Work that on the Surface plays,

And Time shall in his Temple place

The Writings sav'd by ev'ry Grace.

He spoke; away the Muses fly

More swift than Eagles thro' the Sky,

Discharg'd their Errand, quick as Thought,

And each a Load of Authors brought,

On Themes sublime, and trifling Matters,

Odes, Epics, Epigrams, and Satires,

Labours of ev'ry size and kind,

Yet left amazing Heaps behind,

Affur'd, convinc'd before they try'd,

Those Works must in the *Well* subside.

And, now the mystic Rites begin,

What Heaps, ye Gods! are tumbled in!

What

What Clouds of Volumes downwards tend !

How few have worth to re-ascend !

First of the Time-surviving Train,

Appears th' inimitable *Dean*,

Whose Works so exquisite are writ,

With such uncommon Strokes of Wit,

Such Purity of Thought, and Stile,

They Float uninjur'd all the while :

And these immortal matchless Lays

The smiling *Graces* fondly seize,

And

And place on *Time's* high-honour'd Throne,

Aloft, distinguish'd, and alone.

Then *Pope*, and wise *Arbuthnot* gain

Exalted Honours with the *Dean*;

And soon the *Graces* snatch'd away

The Strains of *Addison*, and *Gay*:

And *Congreve*, *Dryden*, *Parnel*, *Prior*,

Whose Writings boast *Apollo's* Fire,

With thine, O *Pollio*, next they raise

Saphira's, *Gartb's*, and * *Harvey's* Lays,

* The Lord *Harvey*, Author of several excellent Poems.

The tender *Granville's Syren Strain*,

Too matchless to be sung in vain;

Sweet ¶ *Philips*, who like *Milton* sung,

With || *Thomson*, § *Lycidas*, and *Young*:

And † others whom immortal Fame,

Hath honour'd with a Poet's Name.

They ceas'd; and now, *Apollo* cries,

Be this a Lesson to the Wise,

¶ *John Philips*, Author of *Cyder*.

|| *James Thomson*, Author of the admir'd Poems on the Seasons.

§ *Mr. William Dunkin*, Author of several elegant Poems, both in *English* and *Latin*.

† *Mulgrave, Roscommon, Fenton, &c.*

To those who gloriously excell

In judging clear, and writing well,

That ev'ry Work sublimely writ,

With Learning, Elegance, and Wit,

Shall reign admir'd from Age to Age,

And mock the snarling Critic's Rage,

O'er Envy's Offspring soar sublime,

Unhurt by Calumny or Time,

While all the dull, detracting Fry,

Without Expence of Satire die.

He spoke : I start with hallow'd Dread,

And all the sacred Vision fled.

(A)

PARAPHRASE

Of Some of the

ODES

O F

ANACREON,

BEING

An ESSAY towards a
Translation of that POET.

*Te sequor, O Graiae gentis decus,—propter amorem,
Quod te Imitari aveo.*

Lucret.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

App. No. 5416310.

А 2 Е С О А
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МОЭЯКИЯ ОДНЯГИН

A. E. S. A. Y. COWARD
THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE POET

131221

W. H. DAVIS

БІОЛОГІЧНА МАСА ВІДНОСИТЬСЯ

(ACT.)

A N A C R E O N
PARAPHRAS'D.

ODE the FIRST.

FAIN wou'd I, in lofty Verse,
Heroes' godlike Acts rehearse,
Fain wou'd I a Subject chuse
Worthy of the noblest Muse,
Grecian Chiefs, or Theban Woes
Which from civil Discord 'rose,

X.

But

But the Strings and *Lyre* approve

Nought but Softness, nought but Love.

Once, I chang'd the Strings and *Lyre*,

Which wou'd nought but Love inspire,

Strove to Sing, in loftier Lays,

Many a matchless Hero's Praise,

Toils *Herculean*, far-renown'd,

With immortal Honours crown'd ;

Vain Attempt ! for ev'ry String

Echoes Love to all I sing.

Farewel Heroes, —ne'er shall I

Such exalted Subjects try,

Ever

Ever tender be my Lay,
 Ever Soft, and ever Gay,
 Since the Strings alone approve
 Soothing Sounds, and Sounds of Love.

O D E II.

NATURE, bounteously array'd
 Ev'ry Animal she made
 With such Arms, as best conduce
 To it's Safety, or it's Use.

Nature horny Terrors spread

O'er the Bull's majestic Head :

Hoofs

Hoofs she gave the gen'rous Steed,
 And to Hares the Light'ning's Speed,
 To the scaly Kind she gave
 Finns, to cut the christal Wave :
 To the Birds, exempt from Care,
 Wings to sport in Fields of Air ;
 But, to nobler Man assign'd
 An intrepid martial Mind.

What had Nature left, to grace
 The diviner Female Race ?
 Beauty : whose prevailing Charms
 Prove the most resistless Arms :
 Beauty, Shield and Sword supplies,
 Beauty vanquishes the Wise ;
Beauty,

Beauty, made to be ador'd,
Safe defies the threat'ning Sword,
Can devouring Flames assuage,
And repel their desp'rare Rage;
Beauty, makes the Hero fall,
Conquers those who Conquer all.

O D E III.

THE Stars, those glitt'ring Worlds of Light,
 That gild the dusky Face of Night,
 And deck the boundless airy Plain,
 Had finish'd half their nightly Reign,
 And Men by weak'ning Toil subdu'd,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, their Strength renew'd,

When

When *Cupid*, God of sweet Deceit,
Impatient thunder'd at my Gate.

“ Who is't so rudely Knocks, and tries
“ To banish Slumber from my Eyes,
“ To tear the blissful Dreams away
“ With which the Soul delights to Play ?

Then *Love* : Ah ! be not Friend, afraid,
To lend your hospitable Aid,
For I'm a Boy, unfit to bear
The dreary Night's inclement Air;
The Moon o'ercast, her Light denies
To guide my Steps, and bless my Eyes,

I've

I've wander'd, chill'd with Cold and Rain,
And sought some Place of rest, in vain.

I pitied, while I heard his Woes,
And quick to his Assistance rose,
I soon reviv'd the faded Light
To ease his Fears, and cheer his Sight;
And op'ning, saw an *Infant* stand,
A Bow smooth-polish'd in his Hand,
Two Wings, to wanton with the Wind,
Their Silver Plumage spread behind,
And o'er his snowy Shoulder flung,
The shaftful *Quiver* idly hung.

To swell his Heart with vig'rous Heat
 Before th' enliv'ning Fire I sate,
 His little Hands with mine I warm,
 From which I ne'er suspected Harm,
 His Limbs I chaf'd, and prest with Care
 The chilling Moisture from his Hair.

New Life the vital Warmth supplies,
 And come, " Let's try this Bow, he crys,
 " If yet the moisten'd Nerve can throw
 " The Dart, or bend the circling Bow.

He strains the flexible Horn, and drew
 The Shaft, which too unerring flew,

Like

Like Light'ning it transfix'd my Heart,

And scatter'd Pains thro' ev'ry Part.

Away the *Wanton* lightly Sprags,

And, laughing, waves his downy Wings,

And crys, with me rejoice my Friend,

My Fears were vain, my Sorrows end,

My Bow's uninjur'd, but thy Breast

With pale, enfeebling Grief possest,

Shall swell with Woes unselt before,

And find it's wonted Peace no more.

O D E IV.

ON Myrtles laid, with Roses crown'd,
 And Flow'rs that breathe delight around,
 I'll drink, and all my Soul incline
 To Mirth, the Child of gen'rous Wine.
 Then Love shall, like my Slave, prepare
 The genial Bowl that poisons Care;
 For, swiftly as the Chariot flies,
 To win the hard-contested Prize,
 Our Life as swiftly rolls away
 With all that's pleasing, all that's gay.

This

((163))

This Frame must soon to Ashes turn,
And fill the cold Sepulchral Urn,
And silence chain the tuneful Tongue,
Each Bone dissolv'd, each Nerve unstrung.

Why on our Tombs are Unguents spread,
Superfluous Care ! to grace the Dead ?
And why the vain Libation paid,
To honour an unconscious Shade ?
Rather to me, while yet I live,
The costly fragrant Blessings give :
My Head with roseate Crowns adorn,
Whose Sweets surpass the Breath of Morn,
And

This

((164))

And call the Fair, whose Charms impart
Sost Ecstasies that sway the Heart.

O Love, e'er I'm compel'd to go
To Crowds of joyless Shades below,
My Soul shall ev'ry Pleasure share,
And court Delight, and banish Care.

O D E V.

WITH Wine, that blissful Joys bestows,
Let's mix the sweetly-breathing Rose,
Love's fav'rite Flow'r; and while we spread
It's blushing Beauties 'round the Head,

Let's

Let's drink, and laughing Cares away,

With Wine-begotten Smiles look gay,

Thou fairest, all-surpassing Rose,

What Charms thy op'ning Leaves disclose!

O thou, the Spring's peculiar Care,

Whose Sweets enrich the vernal Air!

Belov'd, and courted here on Earth,

And pleasing those of heav'nly Birth!

When Love, the Child of Venus, leads

The Graces, ever-blooming Maids

In sportive Dance, thy Blossoms fair

In fragrant Wreaths adorn his Hair.

Then

Then crown me while I strike the Lyre,
 And 'wake the Notes that Mirth inspire; W i n
 O Bacchus, near thy sacred Shrine,
 With blooming Virgins half-divine,
 While rosy Wreaths my Temples bind,
 I'll Dance, with ever-cheerful mind.

O D E VII.

TWAS Love's command, fair Beauty's Son,
 That I shou'd nimbly with him run,
 And when, by cautious Fear delay'd,
 I slowly, with Regret, obey'd,
 He urg'd me with a purple Wand,
 That grac'd his all-subduing Hand.

Thro'

Thro' rushing Torrents swift we go,
 And Streams that roughly rapid flow,
 Thro' Woods that wave with passing Gales,
 Embow'ring Groves, and low-sunk Vales :
 But whilst the *Infant Pow'r*, and I
 Thro' Vales, and Groves, and Torrents fly,
 A Serpent's Sting, thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Diffus'd a Heart-enfeebling Pain,
 Thro' all my Limbs a Faintness spread,
 My Strength decay'd, my Vigour fled,
 The Soul seem'd hast'ning to depart,
 And Life scarce warm'd my languid Heart.
 But

But Love immediate Comfort brings,
 He fans me with his downy Wings,
 " And know, from thy Contempt (he cries,) " Of Cupid's Laws, thy Woes arise,
 " Now, taught by Pain, his Pow'r adore,
 " And tempt his just Revenge no more.

O D E . VIII.

TWAS when the mirth-exciting Bowl
 Had sooth'd my Cares, and rais'd the Soul,
 That I on purple Carpets spread
 My Limbs at ease, and lean'd my Head,
 Till Sleep, the soft-wing'd Child of Night,
 With Shades enveil'd my swimming Sight..

Then

(169)

Then seem'd I, swift, in am'rous Play,
To run with Virgins, fair as Day,
While Youths, more delicately fram'd
Than that soft God *Lyæus* nam'd,
Reproach'd my too advent'rous Age,
That dare such Bloom and Youth engage,
—For Love—was a prepost'rous Crime,
In one so silver'd o'er by Time.

But while, to perfect all my Bliss,
I wish'd to snatch a fragrant Kiss,
From these my Sleep-forsaken Eyes,
The Fancy's fair Creation flies,

(170)

The sweet Illusions flit away,

And all the pleasing Forms decay.

Abandon'd, wretched, griev'd, alone,

I sigh'd, the lov'ly Phantoms flown,

I wish'd, I strove, but strove in vain,

To dream the Rapture o'er again.

O D E IX.

Lov'ly, Snow-surpassing Dove,

Sacred to the Queen of Love,

Downy Wand'r'r! whence, and where

Do'st thou wanton thro' the Air?

Ever

How can't thou thro' all the Sky

Breathe such Odours as you fly ?

Where didst thou the Fragrance steal,

Thus to scent the passing Gale ?

How, from all thy glossy Plumes

Drop such ever-sweet Perfumes ;

Stay—, and let thy Tongue impart

Whither hast'ning, whose thou art.

Thro' the wide-expanded Air,

I Anacreon's Message bear,

Tender Love, and smiling Joy,

To the sweetly-featur'd* Boy,

* Bathyllus.

Who

Who, of Charms divine posses'st,
Reigns ador'd in ev'ry Breast.

For an Hymn, the Queen of Love
Sold me, tho' her fav'rite Dove:
Now Anacreon I obey,
Tender Poet! ever gay!
These are now my pleasing Care,
These his soft Epistles are,
Who, still bountiful to me,
Promis'd soon to set me free.
Yet, cou'd I my Freedom gain,
I wou'd still a Slave remain:

Ser-

Servitude will blissful prove,

If enslave'd to those we love.

Why need I, with anxious Care,

Wish to wander thro' the Air,

Or to haunt sequestred Scenes,

Groves, where lonely Silence reigns;

O'er the rocky Hills to fly,

Barren Scenes that tire the Eye;

Or from Field to Field to stray,

All the slow-consuming Day;

Or on Sprays to sit, and moan,

Pensive, comfortless, alone,

Eating,

Eating, what, thro' all the Fields,
Nature's wild Profusion yields?

Since my kind Possessor grants

Sweet Supply for all my Wants,

Since from his unsparing Hand

Where I, fondly-cooing, stand,

I can now, in wanton play,

Snatch delicious Food away.

From Anacreon's nectar'd Bowl

Wine I sip that cheers the Soul,

Wine, that makes his Numbers gay,

Parent of the sprightly Lay;

Raptur'd

Raptur'd then my Wings I spread,
 Gently-waving, o'er his Head,
 While my fondling Motions tell
 What Delights my Bosom swell.

These are Pleasures which employ
 All my Moments, wing'd with Joy,
 And when these Amusements tire,
 On his Soul-enchanting Lyre
 Resting, Sleep with sweet surprise,
 Soft-descending Seals my Eyes.
 Hence, inquiring Stranger, go,
 You have all you wish'd to know,

I shall

I shall prattle while I stay

More incessant than a Jay.

O D E XXXIV.

NAY—fly me not, alluring Fair,
Nor scorn these Locks of Silver Hair,
Tho' Youth now lends thee ev'ry Grace,
And Beauty blooming paints thy Face,
Tho' Nature o'er thy Cheeks hath spread
The smiling Morning's purest Red,
Tho' all that's lov'ly dwells in thee,
Yet fly not thus from Love, and Me.

(177)

How do those Wreaths delight the Eye,
Compos'd of Blooms of various Dye;
See Nymph how fair the Lilly shows,
Entwin'd around the blushing Rose!



A a

(A)
E D O

C A S T L E P R I N C I P A L I M

B I R T H A Y

K I U G S C O D E D

Concordia, fons et origo
Tunc deus, Fidei, gratia
Hoc quis certe, non in nobis
Exaudi, quoniam, propter misericordiam
Nostram, nos tuas, misericordias, habemus
Cedras, tunc, ait.

D U A L I N

Burg, in die Kest MDCCXXX

A N
O D E,
Perform'd at the
CASTLE of DUBLIN,
October 30, being the
BIRTH-DAY
Of His Sacred Majesty
King GEORGE II.

*Conamur, tenues, Grandia,
Laudes Egregii Casaris-----*

*Hic dies vere mihi Festus, atras
Extinet Curas, Ego, nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Casare terras-----*

Hor.

D U B L I N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

A N
O D E, &c.

MILLION RECITATIVE.

GREAT, inexhausted Source of Day,
Bright Parent of the genial Ray,

Unfold thy purest Beams of Light,
And bring with thee, enliv'ning Pow'r !
Each silver-wing'd, each blissful Hour,
Joy-creating, rob'd in White.

A I R.

Like thee AUGUSTUS reigns below,
From him diffusive Blessings flow,
And cloath'd with Grandeur, Glory, Love,
He emulates thy Reign above.

Da Capo.

A I R.

A I R.

Wake the Soul-enchanting *Lute*,
 The warbling *Lyre*, the breathing *Flute*,
 And touch the *Viol* into Sound:
 With Joy let ev'ry Voice proclaim
 A **GEORGE**, the Fav'rite Son of *Fame*,

With all exalted Virtues crown'd.

A I R.

Sacred Wisdom, heav'nly Guest !
 And Justice, Attribute divine !

Fix their Empire in his Breast,

And bid the finish'd *Hero* shine :

Who gives a Lustre to the Throne,

And makes his People's Joy, his own.

Da Capo.

R E-

A I R.

RECITATIVE.

This Day be sacred o'er the Earth,

The Day that gave AUGUSTUS Birth,

For, he abundant Wealth supplies,

And bids neglected MERIT rise.

AIR.

That Learning, Virtue, Wisdom gain

Distinguis'd Honours in his Reign,

Let CART'RET's Worth high-rais'd pro-

claim,

If Wisdom yet may higher soar,

If Merit be rewarded more,

Yet greater Glories shall exalt his Name.

Da Capo.

AIR.

(184)

A R.

Plenty, drest in Smiles appears,

And Learning, beauteous Child of Peace,

Her heav'nly Form, delighted, rears,

And Pleasure sports in ev'ry Face

Those Blessings, which unceasing flow

From his indulgent bounteous Hand,

Let Proud oppressing Tyrants know

To bless, is nobler than command.

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What Muse can in a glorious Light,

His early Excellence display?

When,

Da Capo

AYR

(185)

When, cloath'd with Terrors, thro' the Fight

He spread CONFUSION and DISMAY.

A I R.

See ! fir'd with Ardor to engage,

The BRITISH AMMON pours along

With an impetuous Torrent's Rage,

And pierces thro' the thickest Throng !

Slaughter wastes at his Command,

And Thousands sink beneath his Hand,

The Combat bleeds where-e'er he goes,

And wide the purple Deluge flows,

R E C I T A T I V E.

While thro' the vanquish'd Host,

By his intrepid Valour lost,

Amaze-

(186)

Amazement, Terror, Discord fly,

And Fear, with oft-reverted Eye.

A F R.

Goddes Glory, haste, prepare

The Golden Wreath for GEORGE's Brow,

GEORGE, more worthy of thy Care,

Than all that Nature form'd 'till now;

Tho' Brunswick's, and a Nussau's Name,

Have fill'd the loudest Voice of Fame.

Da Gapt.

A F R.

Ye ever-watchful Guardian Pow'rs,

Propitious round Augustus wait,

B b

Bid

(387)

Bid the smiling, circling Hours,

Waft new Glories to his State,

On him let ev'ry Blessing flow,

That *Man* can hope, or *Heav'n* bestow;

Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Heav'n, to grace his Throne inclin'd,

Created, with exactest Care,

CAROLINE, surpassing fair,

And stamp'd Perfection on her Mind.

A. J. R.

Worthy over Hearts to reign,

Beauty's Hand thy Person drest,

G. H. D.

The

((88))

The Graces too, a blooming Train,

In ev'ry Feature smile content,

Ev'ry Charm, and Gift divine

Lives in gracious CAROLINE.

Da Capo.

Da Capo.

AIR.

O Fate! to crown the glorious Scene,

Preserve the blooming Race with Care,

For, there the Parent Virtues reign,

And all our golden Hopes are there:

Let them thro' rising Ages thine,

And bless like George and Caroline.

C I M I R Da Capo.

Da Capo.

C H O.

(189)

C H O R U S.

We ask no more, propitious Fate!

Peculiar Blessings for our State,

That Plenty, Wealth, and Peace may smile

And pour Abundance o'er our Isle:

But hear, O! Hear HIBERNIA's Pray'r;

Preserve and guard the Royal Pair,

In that kind Heav'n will give us most

Of Glory, Grandeur, Wealth, and Fame,

Than c'redore'd BRITANNIA's Name,

Or ever blest the World before.

8 JA 69

F I N I S.

CHO

